

A Father and His Son

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Summary: "Dad no!" Too late. That was the last word he'd ever hear. A plead. A cry. A desperate boy who was unwilling, even unable, to protect himself from his own friend. The Viking was blinded; a puff of smoke emitted from the lifeless, somewhat scorched body that laid still against the snow. A pile of snow. Decorated with specks of ice. One shot. Character death. HTTYD2 spoilers.

A Father and His Son

"Dad no!"

That was the last word he'd ever hear. A plead. A cry. A desperate boy who was unwilling, even unable, to protect himself from his own friend.

The Viking was blinded; a puff of smoke emitted from the lifeless, somewhat scorched body that laid still against the snow. A pile of snow. Decorated with specks of ice.

Rubbing eyes. Wiping off sheets of snow. On his knees, and he realized what had happened. That fear struck his heart like an arrow. There was a faint sob. A sigh maybe. And eyes of hopelessness. He was too late.

Muttering. "Nononono, no..."

A swift sweep, and the boy was in his arms. Eyes closed. Body still. Limping limbs. Dangling awkwardly.

His son was a noisy one. But this, he was holding. Was just a sack of limbs and organs. His love, his life, his pride. His _son. _Who'd always talk and babble, whether it be appreciated or not. Now, in his arms, with a silence that was almost impossible to achieve.

Gasps, running in the deep snow. Flapping of wings. Distant popping

of fires. Died in a battlefield. Attempting to achieve peace. What a foolish boy.

"Hiccup..."

A small croak. And it pained him more than enough. Just mentioning his name.

"Not him. Why him?"

Questions unanswered.

A gentle rocking. The bearded man dug his face into the neck of the boy. Bent back awkwardly. Gravity pulling it back down to the freezing sheet of white. Pacing back and forth with his arms. A faint cry. Not too far away.

"Where's he? Stoick, is he-"

Valka was near. To see her dead son. Whom she never saw for years. For more than a decade. And the boy died, finally seeing her. Finally spending time with her. She fell onto her knees, beside the warrior Viking. Sharing the same kindred mourning.

A garble, a sniff. A disgusting, muggy, but brief breath. A nudge with a nozzle. Again it continued. Then this warbled cry. Like a drowning shout. A whimper. A sleek black figure stood in front of the Viking. Long. Winged. Rounded head. Innocent eyes.

The Viking gripped tightly. A thought so contradicting. But somehow, it was true. It had to be true.

An innocent murderer.

He rose his head up, taking a glimpse at the beast, the culprit of such deed. And a devil-like glare.

"You..." He choked up. "You did it. You..."

His name. Toothless. And his son kept commanding him. "Stop! Stop!" he had kept saying. And the dragon, his narrow, slit eyes. Not hostile. Not friendly. Just bent with the intent on killing him. Hiccup. His best friend. Merciless. Every plea, he'd ignore.

"You killed him."

A vicious whisper. A creaky voice mixed in. Loud enough for even a beast so attentive, so protective, so keen to hear. But the dragon remained oblivious to his voice. Begging for the body before him to move, to breath. Those eyes. So big. So..innocent.

Who to blame? It was his fault. Toothless' fault. His son trusted him, loved him, took care of him. And this?

A smoldering anger, a vicious heart, ignited in the Chief. He unleashed his malice upon the beast - at first, gently setting the boy on the ground and rising to attack the murderer. A raised fist. Then it was brought down.

"Stay away from him!"

A monstrous roar. But the dragon still paid no attention. The Viking pounded at the beast. A full blow. A fatal punch. But the dragon remained dormant. Inactive. Still. A replica of his best friend. Careened backwards, just a bit, but Toothless approached the body again.

"Keep away!"

"No!"

Valka threw herself between the two, halting before anymore violence would ensue at Hiccup's deathbed. She covered Hiccup's body, bracing it.

"It's not his fault!"

The Viking stared at her, having his share of desperate, red, tear-riddled eyes. Her face, marked with lines of tears, running down her cheeks.

"It was the Alpha! You know it!" Valka yelped. "He loved him! He'd never- you know he'd never do such thing!"

_She was right. _Stoick calmed himself, knowing one thing: no matter what, the dragon would remain by his side. Even the deadliest of seas, the most vicious of winds, would never part the inseparable pair. And even if the Viking hacked and slashed him, continuously battered the dragon until it was left with its last breath of air, he would stay. Drowned in guilt. Howling for some sort of miracle.

The dragon went back to sniffing the still body, nudging it as he always would when wanting to wake Hiccup up.

"Hiccup!"

The father was startled by the sudden arrival of blonde-haired mourner. Everything was quick about her. She rushed, stopped, knelt, whispered. Something brief. A promise. She invaded Hiccup. She cradled him. She peppered his tender cheeks with soft kisses.

"You're okay. You're fine. Hiccup? You're..."

There was a constant whining. And it was soon before her words, the repeated begging, would be drowned in tears. Resting her head against his chest. Her ear waiting for a beat, a breath, a sign. Any sort of hope. That he was alive.

The Viking gently rested a hand on Astrid, gently rubbing, wanting to appease the grief of those who shared his. There was something that engulfed them all. That one feeling. That one horrifying feeling. Everything was faint around them. The dragons leaving, their flapping wings were nothing but constant, soft thuds. Toothless and his helpless warbling. Astrid and her sobbing. Valka and her unmatched stillness. Out of everything, only one could be felt.

Valka couldn't quite comprehend what had happened. After what seemed to be more than a lifetime ago, and she could finally feel her son's cheeks again. She could kiss them, rub them, hug her son tightly.

Express her immeasurable love for him. How much she had missed him. Later see her beloved husband. To finally have the entire family back together. And only hours later..._this. _

And Stoick couldn't help but then blame _himself. _

He was a failure. A failure as a father. He was successful at _everything else. _Killing dragons. Raising dragons. Leading armies. Building towns. _Everything._ But there was one area he failed: _being a father. _

He tried hard to guide Hiccup. To protect him. And there were more than numerous times Hiccup had pitted himself in the face of death and that his father wasn't there to help him.

It was inevitable. It would eventually happen. Testing chance. Relying on luck.

He bent back down and continued rocking Hiccup. The only thing he could grant his only son was a peaceful death.

"Why him and not me?" he whispered.

And his memories, though faded, were there to remind him how he had failed to deliver a promise.

* * *

><p>The dragons were routing again. Another successful battle, perhaps, but another dreadful loss. And his mind couldn't help but relive the scene that had occurred just mere seconds before.<p>

Valka, carried off into the unknown black skies in the claws of a dragon. He had already dropped the ax against the floorboards, watching, through a hole in the ceiling, as her wife slowly disappeared into an abyss.

He settled himself beside a crying Hiccup, a teeny one. Young. Small. Still wailing everytime he was hungry. Or everytime he couldn't sleep.

It was close. The dragon was just face to face with his child. Maybe the dragon hadn't seen him? Or just decided not to kill it? It's gone now. It didn't matter.

"It's okay. I'm here," Stoick answered his desperate crying. "Shh. It's okay. My baby boy. It's okay."

He lifted him out of the cradle and carried him in his own arms.

"I promise I won't let anything happen to you. I promise."

He gracefully ran his finger down the baby's stomach. And the child's puny little hands reached out to grab his fingers, holding them like Stoick would with an ax.

A simper, a smirk. The father looked down at his son, knowing that he'd go far. That he would be prized as one of Berk's best. As the pride of the town. As the town's next successor. No matter how his

son would achieve it, the Viking knew Hiccup would go far.

But how far, was the question.

* * *

><p>AN: This was not written by me, but a relative of mine who kindly asked me to publish it for himher (you will never know!) on the FanFiction website. **

**Upon reading, I found similarities between this and another drabble I remember reading (though I cannot recall the author) but still posted this regardless. **

Please do review for the author would like to know how well he/she writes. Thanks for reading!

End
file.